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A CHATTERING NUISANCE.



LOCAL ITEMS.

From the Congressional (Washington, D. C.) Record and Intelligencer.

BILL BRYAN is back from a visit to London Corners. For an all-around calamity man, Bill seems to be able to gallivate about a good bit.

We regret to state that 'Lihu Root has quit his job here, and gone to New York, N. Y., to live. Here's success to all your future undertakings, 'Lihu.

We are in receipt of a letter from Matt Quay, saying that he is in favor of Ted Roosevelt for hog reeve. We take this as an indication that Ted's chances are good. Matt never commits himself unless it's all over but the shouting.

Willy Hearst, we note, is also a candidate for the same office. Well, Willy is a nice boy, and 'most everybody that works for him appears to like him—in public. It takes a purty hefty man, however, to be hog reeve of this community, William.

Old Grandmother Hoar is going about the community just now, raising a howl because the selectmen have decided to clean out the old guilty at Panama Crossroads. We fail to see why Grandma should have any objections, as she is not personally interested in any way. This old beldame has been supported at public expense, we believe, since 1869; but if there is any person in the township who has ever known her to do anything except snarl raucously at every contemplated improvement, let him step forward and receive one year's subscription to this paper free.

Will S. Adkins.

HIS POSITION.

"I understand, Mr. Hardscrabble," observed the solemn-looking individual, who had been distributing political literature about the neighborhood, "that you once voted for William Jennings Bryan in the nominating convention."

"Yes, sir," responded Hiram Hardscrabble, "I once voted for William Jennings Bryan in the nominatin' convention. Also I once applied my youthful tongue to a frozen iron pump-handle; also I once took a course in a correspondence school; also I once purchased a large, ornate gold brick; also I once kep' comp'ny with a red-headed widder; also I once give two dollars to a layin' on of hands practitioner; also I once tried to cure my stiff neck with a hornet's nest; also I once planted buckwheat accordin' to the directions in a Farmer's Handy Manual. But if you was calculatin' on inducin' me to repeat any of them performances, I must inform you that I am respondin' to no encores whatever, sir, in that line—no encores."

JOURNALISM.

REPORTER.—Senator Bilkins has absolutely nothing to say.

EDITOR.—Well, boil it down. We are terribly crowded to-night.

THE EXACT RATIO.

LITTLE WESLEY.—Is radium expensive, Papa?

PAPA.—Radium, my son, is to Mr. Rockefeller what coal is to me.

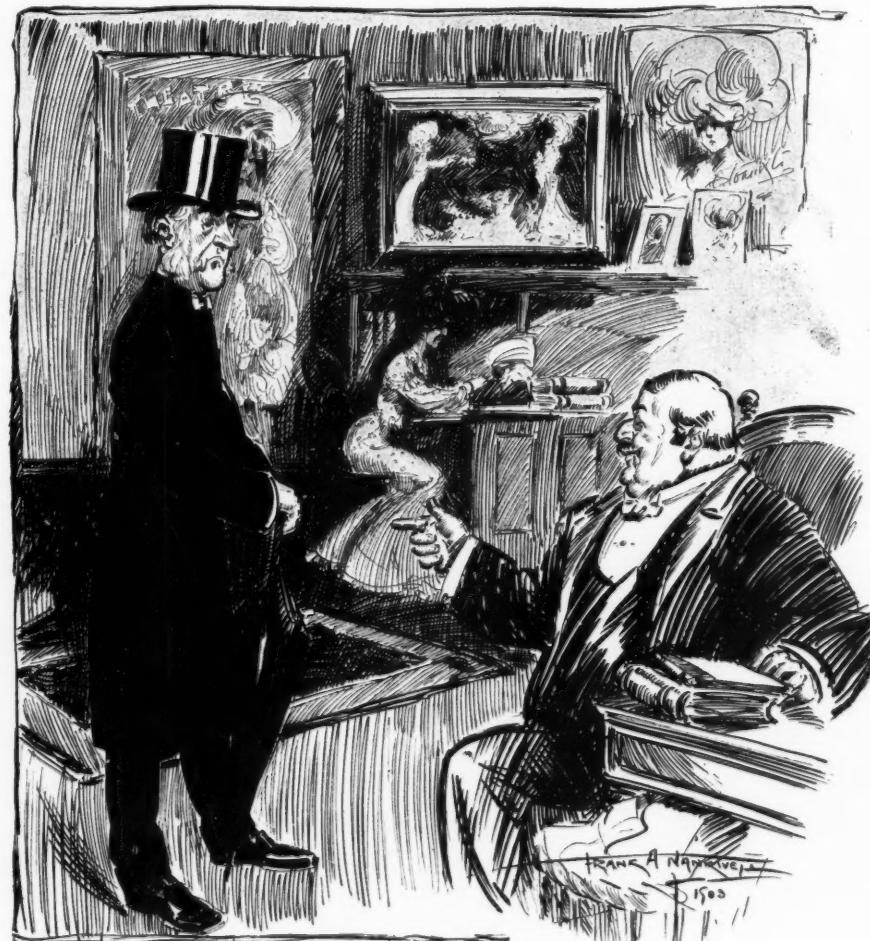


SENATORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SENATOR SHUGAR.—I see that Senator Sniffkins is sending out a great many personal notes to delegates to the National Convention.

SENATOR STEELE.—I should say so. And they're nearly all fifties, too!

MAIDENLY MODESTY is the asbestos curtain which protects the maidenly heart from fire. Sometimes it comes halfway down, but more often it does n't work at all.



THE BEST MATERIAL.

CLERGYMAN.—I shall denounce this play, sir. It is shockingly immoral!

MANAGER.—All right. Just send around a copy of the sermon for our advance agent, will you?

PUCK



A DISSOLUBLE UNION.

"So she and her husband have agreed to separate?"

"Yes. They have concluded that while two may be one, they are not one and inseparable, now and forever."

"DELICATE."



'M DELICATE, my Mama says;
I shan't be made to cry,
'Cause if I am I'll get "unstrung"
An' maybe then I'd die.
An' when I want a thing, you know,
I ought to have it quick,
Or else I'll lie right down an' scream
An' that'd make me sick!

I cannot play like other boys
When they go out to slide;
No, sir; for goin' up the hill
They've got to let me ride.
An' if they'd try to make me pull
Then they'd be doing wrong,
'Cause Mrs. Jones, she says the world
Won't have me very long.

The little girls must let me jerk
Their ribbons from their hair,
For I'm a very nervous child.
The doctors all declare,
An' at the table I can call
For stuff that ain't in sight.
The folks have got to "humor" me,
An' tempt my appetite.

"How very delicate he looks,"
I hear the people say;
An' ask if Mama's "reconciled
To have him pass away."
An' when the folks are takin' on
An' dressed in mournin'—Gee!—
Then I'll be watchin' all the time
Where nobody can see!

Edwin L. Sabin.

EXTENSIVE EDIFICE.

FARMER HOPTOAD.—That Philadelphia must be right smart of a town.

FARMER TREFROG.—Why so, Hiram?

FARMER HOPTOAD.—Why, I asked a man from there what the opery house was over, an' he said 't wa'n't over nothin'. Occupies the hull buildin'.

Rome was not built in a day of walking delegates.

CURIOSITY.

Being rallied upon the tenacity with which he clung to life, the poet exclaimed:

"In time my poetry will give rise to a cult. If I live long enough, I shall thus find out what I mean."

Curiosity is often a powerful sentiment, even in gentle bosoms.



THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

UNCLE EPH.—He! He! He! Nex' time Misteh Rabbit come out ob his house I seafeerd he'll find de sidewalk in a mighty dangerous condition!

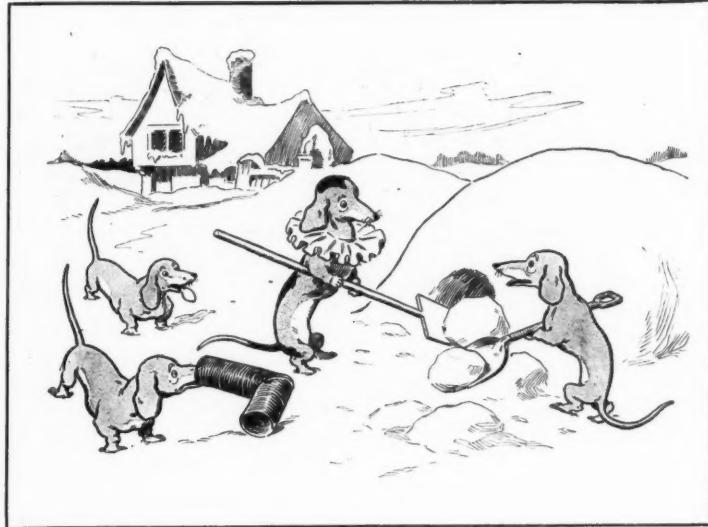
THE RABBIT.—Dear me! Now I'll have to use the back kitchen door till I can hunt up another flat.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.
No. 28.



I.
"See!" said Hans, "this dome of snow
Is the frozen hut of the Esquimau."



II.
Cried Dackel: "There! I knew we could!
We've built a hut that's just as good."



III.
"I've sent for Hans to come," he yelped,
"So start the fire. It's well I helped."



IV.
"Is Hans in sight? He is? That's nice.
We've really warmed this snow and ice."



V.
"Hot ice and heated snow," said Hans,
"Are hard to make in temp'r'ate lands."



VI.
"You can not warm the snow, it's true;
But snow may make it warm for you!"

Mileage possibilities check a natural desire to see some of our Congressmen a good deal further.

PUCK

THE REVOLT OF THE HOT ONES.



HERE HAD been increasing mutterings, indicating growing dissatisfaction, for some time, and trouble was in the air when the members of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Furnaces met in special session to discuss their grievances. Preliminaries were dispensed with, and the members plunged into the question at issue; they felt too strongly on the subject to brook formalities.

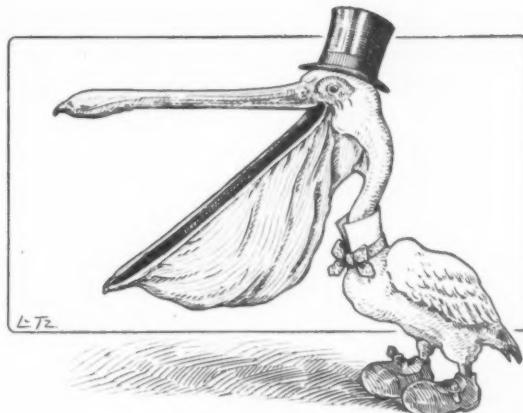
"What I want to know," declared the Jones Furnace, indignantly, "is how much longer we must idly submit to being imposed upon. If I have any influence the time will be cut short!"

A murmur of approval came from the assembled members.

"I quite agree with my worthy brother that the time should be short," said the Smith Furnace. "I'm getting pretty tired of continual complaints about my work, which, it will be understood, are entirely unreasonable when it is remembered that I am fed on dirty slate, while it is well known that I am only at my best with clean anthracite—it says so plainly on the directions that accompany me."

"As for me," complained the Robinson Furnace, "I am suffering from a similar trouble from a diametrically opposite cause. The man whose cellar I am unfortunate enough to inhabit was given clearly to understand at the time he began to make easy payments on the lovely cottage, that I was a wonder—which, with all due modesty, I must admit is true—if my chauffeur would keep me supplied with a first-class grade of smokeless soft coal. But this man has some kind of a pull by which he gets anthracite at cut rates, and the consequence is that I have n't had a refreshing hod full of soft coal since he began to mismanage me."

"And I," growled the Johnson Furnace, "get altogether too much coke. It not only palls on me but it is entirely too trying on my internal organs. They have kept me boozing along on this food day and night until my grates are warped and twisted and my fire-



HIS FORTE.

MR. PELICAN.—Say, I believe I'll have to go in for basket-ball. Everybody tells me I'd make such a good goal.

brick cracked and crumbling' beyond, I fear—I am delicate, you know—any hope from remedial measures."

"I don't mind so much what they feed me," said the Brown Furnace, "for my capacity is good, and I can get away with almost anything. But what makes me tired is, when I am in my finest glow and delivering the goods—regular hot stuff—at every register in the house, for some mullet-brained hired man, dressed in a little brief authority and a pair of overalls, to come along, and, just because he can, give me such a shaking down that I have to do my work all over again!"

"That's all well enough for you," argued the Thompson Furnace, querulously and a little irrelevantly, "for you're young and

(Continued on Page Ten.)



CONJECTURE.

MAIDEN AUNT.—I don't think much of the young men of to-day.

HER NIECE.—Don't you, Auntie? But I dare say you thought a good deal of the young men of yesterday.



PROOF!

ALICE.—Is Jack still going around with that Boston girl?

FRED.—I judge so. He went into a café last night and absent-mindedly asked for two hot chocolates.

It is pretty near as hard to get people interested in what you have been as in what you are going to do.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

HIS FRIENDS TO THE LAST. THROUGH THE death of Senator Hanna, America lost a sound Republican and the Republican party, a sound American. In neither case is there room for doubt. Regarding both, a deal might be written. In the focus of the times something less than eight years, in that scant period, he became a national figure. And though first viewed as one who, by sheer wealth and influence, had forced the door of the Senate Chamber, it was neither wealth nor influence, but astuteness, tested judgment and skill in statecraft that established his real reputation. What is said of him now, of his career as a Senator and as a party manager, will be chiefly regulated by the measures made of him during his later life, and by the viewpoints of those who made them. These viewpoints have undergone no change. Those, for instance, who favored Hanna as a candidate for President, made that preference more than ever plain on learning of his demise, and voiced the deepest regret that fate had denied their wish. A duty of the obituary, both written and oral, however, is to be kind. And those obituaries were not kind which went so far as to intimate with extreme frankness that, through the death of Mark Hanna, the corporate law-breakers of the country had lost their final prop and hope in the coming Republican convention. Rescue me from my friends—trite but apt—might soon have been the Senator's earnest plea, had a longer life been granted him.

JAPANESE INDECENCY. A PROPOS OF the war, our valued, though distant, contemporary, *The Novoe Vremya* has somewhat pettishly remarked: "The Asiatics have shown themselves Asiatics. They are unable to observe even the slightest decency. History does not know of a case of similar behavior." And more to the effect that Russian public opinion, in due time and with due regard for the proprieties, will give to the Japanese a fitting reply. Russian public opinion, it would therefore seem, is inclined to be severe, after Japan's rude handling of Russian diplomacy. Russian diplomacy, we need not say, is quite unaccustomed to such hard usage. Its appearance, generally, in a foreign complication, is a signal for the most circumspect conduct. "Decency" prevails and is all-pervading. Treaties are made and signed; spheres are recognized and sacred obligations are distributed. These formalities over, there is naught to be done by Russian diplomacy till the way they have at St. Petersburg of overlooking treaties necessitates its re-employment; and then, for the benefit of the assembled powers, the solemn farce is again performed. That Russia disapproved of Japan's hasty methods, we can easily believe. By the rules of the Czar's best diplomats, the proper move for Japan was no move at all, until, every department fortified, Russia had neutralized Japan's advantage as to location and the war had been started, as our friend, *The Novoe Vremya* might say, in a thoroughly decent and un-Asiatic manner. Had Japan refrained from actual hostilities till the Trans-Siberian railway could have been triple tracked, with ample switching and terminal facilities and a score or more of "the most powerful locomotives ever built;" till Lake Baikal could have been bridged or else drained; till the whole Russian army could have been hurried east and, for its sustenance, health food factories established at handy points; till the territorial integrity of Manchuria and Corea could have been emphasized decisively by a coast line of modern guns, we doubt not in the least that the Czar would have been will-

ing to do the handsome thing by the Japanese and to let them off with the lightest consistent punishment; or even, perhaps, with a sharp, fatherly reprimand. This, it may be, is what Japan has missed through its untoward and undiplomatic use of shells and torpedoes. Its action in firing first was particularly reckless because—and we can not forget—it fired hot shot at the party which called the Peace Congress and advanced the beatific idea of a world-wide disarmament. Carpers will declare that in goading and harrassing Japan and in maintaining armies where, officially, it had agreed not to, Russia itself was the aggressor. But that is a carper's view. Let the rest of us be fair, and admit that Russia was an honest and open advocate of peace—till it was quite prepared to fight.

BALTIMORE'S DESTRUCTION and reconstruction are not mere OPPORTUNITY. D words in the city of Baltimore. Each is a local annual; the first, completed; the second, barely begun, but gathering headway fast. The going of the fire companies and the coming of the contracting companies may almost be said, indeed, to have occurred together, with such celerity did Baltimore tackle itself. When, finally, it has shaken off the ashes, and the land in its business section has been cleared for the seed from which skyscrapers spring, the best that anyone can wish for it is a steady, speedy progress in the tremendous task of restoration. To this end, co-operation is a prime requisite; co-operation of citizens with officials; of officials with property owners; and of workers of all degree, both employers and employed, with the temporarily injured community. It is not an occasion for the walking delegate, for the sympathetic strike, or for the least possible exertion for the most possible pay. Nor is it a fit time, again, for the enterprising censorship of building material; for the rejection of this or that carload because it is non-union lumber or non-union brick. Compared with the work in hand, these ordinarily grave concerns are of trivial importance. In fact, if the spirit of Baltimore is what we believe it to be; and if the quality known as backbone is a leading characteristic of its active citizens, its test of material until further notice will be: not who made it, but how good is it? And of workmen with labor to sell, not what are they, but how well will they work? The test is an old-fashioned one, sadly out of practice, but reliable for all that. And Baltimore will do itself, and the rest of the land, a favor by once again applying it.

EVEN TO the scientist Greek is no longer of use. When a scientist makes an epochal discovery, in these days, he does n't say "Eureka!" but "Send a reporter right up!"



A SKY-SCRAPER.

THE GIRAFFE.—Well, my dear Mrs. Parrot, this is such a pleasant surprise. Why don't you call on me oftener?

OLD MRS. PARROT.—I would if you had an elevator, my dear, but I'm no longer as young and spry as I was once and you do live such a long way up.



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MARS TRIUMPHANT

PUCK



MARS TRIUMPHANT.



PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC,

THE OSTRICH.—One skates so much more gracefully on two feet, you know.
THE MONKEY.—May be so. But I get twice as much fun out of it.

THE REVOLT OF THE HOT ONES.

(Continued from Page Five.)

can stand it. Look at me with my years of honored service and complicated system of drafts, which our lunk-headed hired girl never will be able to understand. She opens them and shuts them without any regard to the directions, which, of course, were lost years ago, and then she chokes me up with coal dust until I can hardly get a breath up the flue. What follows? Complaints, nothing but complaints! I tell you, fellow Hot Ones, something has got to be done or I'll disintegrate from nervous prostration!"

The excitement among the assembled members was growing intense, and the mutterings from all parts of the convocation were swelling in volume. Parliamentary procedure was forgotten and each indignant Furnace voiced his grievance without waiting for recognition from the Chair.

"I'm continually suffering from clinkers," said one. "They clog up my grates until it is absolutely impossible for me to—"

"They never clean my flue!" exclaimed another. "It's so filled with soot that I'm always on the verge of suffocation. How do they suppose—"

"And I'm worried to death," declared a third. "If they'd just give me a chance, I'd do some fine work for them; but they're never satisfied, and I can hardly get a start until they're jabbing at me with a poker. I tell you, furnace nature can't stand it, and—"

"Well, I'd like to have a little of your surplus myself," said a rusty-looking member who was seated diffidently near the rear.

"I don't get any more attention than a country relative on a city visit. My people seem to think that a hod of coal in the morning ought to be plenty for me, and as for ashes—well! And then when I get low they kick me about lack of cheerfulness. I—"

"Aw, cut out the details! Let's get down to biz—"

"That's the stuff! I move we—"

"Move nothing! Make it unanimous—"

"Sure, Mike! Stand up for the pipes, I say, and—"

Degeneration into a mere mob was threatened. The Chief rapped vigorously on the coal buffet with his poker.

"Fellow Hot Ones," he said, "do not forget the dignity of your calling, the warmth of your profession. Let all things be done coolly. Go light an ardor and come strong on order. The question will now be put to vote. The tellers will pass the scuttle."

Breathlessly and in silence the ballot was taken. There was not a dissenting vote,

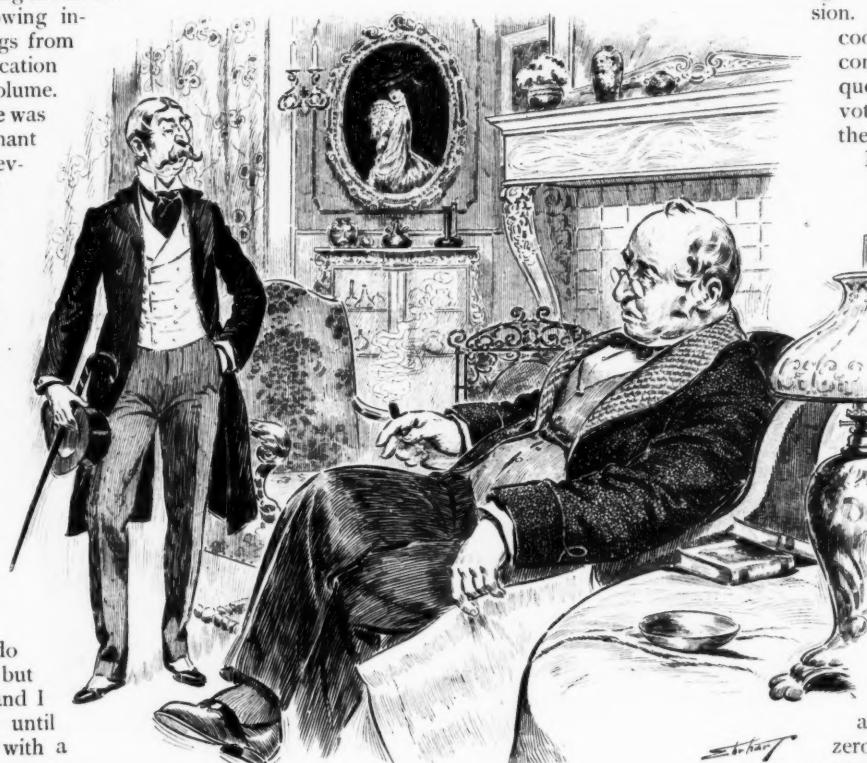
and in accordance with the resolution adopted, the following order was posted on the door of the official coal bin:

"By an unanimous vote of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Furnaces, after a full, calm and deliberate discussion, during which the oldest and ablest members expressed their views, of the ill-treatment and grievances the various members have been compelled to suffer, a strike is hereby ordered,

and at 4 o'clock on the first zero morning of the season every member of the Brotherhood will go out."

Wood Levette Wilson.

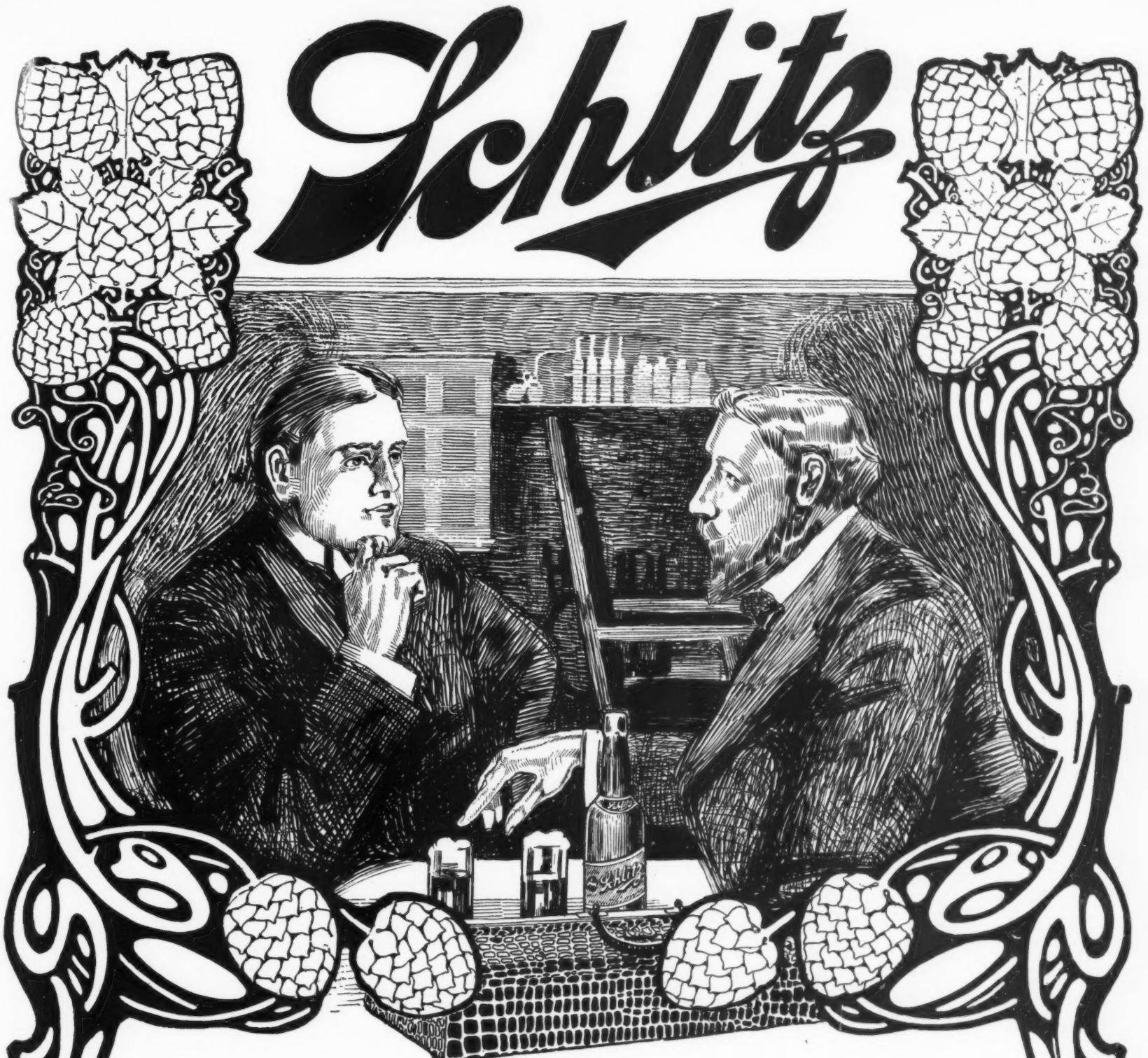
Vox populi, vox Dei! Megaphones don't make it any more so.



COMFORT.

MR. GOTROX.—What! Would you take my daughter from me?
Why, she is all I have to comfort me in my old age!

LORD NOTASENT.—Gad! I thought you had two million dollars!



A Doctor's Reasons

Patient: "Why do you say Schlitz beer? Isn't any other beer as good?"

Doctor: "Perhaps; but I don't know it. I do know that Schlitz beer is pure."

Patient: "What do you mean by pure?"

Doctor: "I mean free from germs. Impurity means bacilli; and in a saccharine product like beer bacilli multiply rapidly. I do not recommend a beer that may contain them."

Patient: "How do you know that Schlitz beer is pure?"

Doctor: "I have seen it brewed. Cleanliness is carried to extremes in that brewery. The beer is cooled in plate glass rooms, in filtered air. The beer is then

filtered. Yet, after all these precautions, every bottle is sterilized—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed. I know that beer treated in that way is pure."

Patient: "And is pure beer good for me?"

Doctor: "It is good for anybody. The hops form a tonic; the barley a food. The trifle of alcohol is an aid to digestion. And the custom of drinking beer supplies the body with fluid to wash out the waste. People who don't drink beer seldom drink enough fluid of any kind. A great deal of ill-health is caused by the lack of it."

Patient: "But doesn't beer cause biliousness?"

Doctor: "Not Schlitz Beer. Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer that is insufficiently aged. But Schlitz beer is always aged for months before it is marketed." *Ask for the brewery bottling.*

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MARRED.

"Here's a queer error you over-
looked," said the copy-holder.

"What's that?" demanded Peck,
the proof-reader.

"In this sentence in the copy which
begins: 'His married life' the 'i' is left
out of 'married.'"

"It amounts to the same thing. Let
it pass." — *Cath. Standard and Times*.

MAKING ALLOWANCES.

"People do not take into proper
account," said the broad-minded man,
"the nervous strain under which we
live. It is necessary to make allow-
ances for some of our public officials."

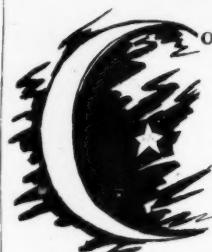
"That's the idea," rejoined Senator
Sorghum. "And liberal allowances,
too." — *Washington Star*.

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glide over any paper; never
scratch nor spurt.
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POINTED Pens are more durable, and are
ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.
Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents.
H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William St., New York,
and all stationers.

EVERY once in a while we see a preacher
tred by a bore, and we wonder what the
preacher says to himself. — *Wash. Democrat*.

COLD WEATHER JOURNALISM IN THE COUNTRY.



Wow! Wow!
Wish our wood was cut!
Coldest weather since 1832.
Hog guessing at Sim Walton's next Friday.
Absalom Beesix Thursdayed with us last week.
Coonskins and cordwood taken for subscriptions.

Peleg Hoptoad is a popular candidate for hog reeve.

Si Perkins was seen Monday pricing patent hair restorers at Root's drug store. Fie, Si.

Wild geese are flying in a V-shape. Deacon Briggs says this is an indica-
tion of a long spell of cold weather to come.

Henry Bopp has been noticed hitching his new bob-sled over on the
Hookstown road a good deal lately. How is that, Hank?

Town Hall Tuesday night. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the benefit of the
Grandsons of Jonadab. Two little Evas and four Uncle Toms.

Old Uncle Billy Beegosh came to town yesterday with a prime load of
hickory. Don't know what kind of a load he went home with.

Wild ducks are flying in a V-shape. Grandpa Barabbas Baxter says this is a
sure sign that the backbone of Winter is busted.

Don't forget Town Hall Tuesday night. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the benefit of
Friendship Tent, Grandsons of Jonadab. Two Topseys and four Legrees.

An automobile went through town last Saturday. It was the first ever seen
here, and the eyes of some of the populace were poked out like a lot of door
knobs. To add to the excitement, a Standard Oil wagon shortly afterward drove
through our midst.

Will S. Adkins.

"THANK the Lord," exclaimed the cheerful philosopher, "though the hur-
ricane blew the house down, we have escaped the earthquake and the land is
with us yet!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

WILSON WHISKEY

is the largest seller
in the United States.
The only time it isn't
the best is when—you
don't get it.

THAT'S ALL!

ALWAYS A WAY.

TRAMP.—Please, Mum, I don't want
nothin' but the privilege of sittin' here
and listenin' to Madam Patti, the great
prima-donna, sing.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Goodness me!
She is n't here.

"Parding, Mum, but I hear her
now."

"Why, that's my baby crying. But
don't go. Dinner will be ready soon."
— *New York Weekly*.

A FAULTY EXHIBITION.

This world is all a fleeting show,
But when the streets are full of snow
The folk who ought to keep them clean
Somehow neglect to shift the scene.

— *Washington Star*.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

HUSBAND.—In doing your shop-
ping, my dear, why don't you get all
the necessary things first?

WIFE.—Oh, somehow they seem so
unimportant. — *Detroit Free Press*.

"DE TIME an' trouble you kin save by
lettin' de yuthuh man hab de las' word,"
said Uncle Eben, "generally makes it a
putty good bargain." — *Wash. Star*.

We don't like the expression, "Free
as a bird." There never was a bird
that there was not a gun after it. —
Atchison *Globe*.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

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CORK TIPS
OR PLAIN

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SOME lies are so interesting that it is a
pity to spoil them by an investigation.—
Washington Democrat.

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Each cork is sealed with U. S. Stamp stating
age and quantity in each bottle.

Every bottle contains full measure.

DEMAND OLD OVERHOLT RYE ASK FOR
"Bottled in Bond."

NONE SUCH.

"I'm looking for a painless dentist. Can you recommend one?"

"I never knew any that did n't hurt at least once."

"When is that?"

"When his bill comes in."—*Detroit Free Press*.

BELLOW THE BELT.

"I have just heard," said the major, "of a man who sold his vote for a gallon of whiskey."

"Shocking!"

"Yes; if the suffrage of a free-born American citizen is n't worth a barrel, smash my beaver!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WOOGLES.—How did you come out in the automobile race?

GOGGLES.—Over the back of the blame thing!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

DOCTOR.—You have a perfectly sound constitution, sir, but you are over-worked a little and run down and that is why your physical energies have begun to flag.

PATIENT.—Then in my case the constitution does not follow the flag?
Thank you, doctor.—*Yonkers Herald*.



REPORTING AT THE COUNTER.

"You know, you've got a sign down there askin' people to report any dissatisfaction?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Well, I think it's a poor rule that don't work both ways. I want to tell you that I'm perfectly satisfied."

Absolute purity and highly nutritive—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. Made from the pure juice of grapes.

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's Angostura build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

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EASE AND COMFORT

We all like a good share of both. The greatest ease and comfort and luxury in shaving, are only obtainable by using Williams' Shaving Stick. No cup, just the shaving stick and brush. One stick affords 300 shaves.

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SOME PEOPLE are nice only to those they don't know very well.—*Atchison Globe*.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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lasts, it will shine on! Its benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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WISELY CHOSEN.

MR. SHORT.—Can I believe it—you will really marry me?

MISS TALL.—Yes. I always make my own dresses, and, as we are both the same height, you will come real handy when I am cutting and fitting.—*New York Weekly*.

ADVANCED.

"You say that Lord Fucash's social position has improved since he married a rich American girl?"

"Yes, indeed. Formerly he was only a nobleman; but now he belongs to our heiressocracy."—*Washington Star*.

"WHAT'S become of that hustling pastor of yours who used to be so remarkably active?"

"He's still here."

"I have n't seen his name in the papers for many months. He's quit the ministry, hasn't he?"

"No. He's getting five thousand dollars a year."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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AN OPINION.

"He seems very careful of that trunk."

"Yes. He wants to keep it in good shape to impress hotel keepers. I guess one of them will find out eventually that it is for external use only."

Digestion's greatest aid—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every meal gives appetite and helps digestion.—Abbott & Co.

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Comfort and service. Guaranteed—"All breaks made good." 50c and \$1.00. Any shop or by mail. C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 218, Shirley, Mass.

EVENING UP.

HE.—Smith is going to buy his wife a talking machine for Christmas.

SHE.—I should n't think he'd need to do that—she talks all the time, anyway.

HE.—That's just the reason. He's going to buy a machine that will talk back.—*Detroit Free Press*.

PREFERABLE.

"Women always look for a chance to spend money," he observed, irritably. "Whenever they open a newspaper they begin to study the advertisements."

"Well, Charley, dear," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "that is much safer than studying the horse-race entries."—*Washington Star*.

A CENT WELL LOST.

FRIEND.—Why do you mark things ninety-nine cents when they are actually worth one dollar?

MERCHANT.—Well, you see, customers hate to leave without that odd cent, and, by keeping them waiting for their change, they generally see something else they want.—*New York Weekly*.

"HOW OLD was Methuselah, Pop?" asked Howard the day after his birthday, with the thought of six bright candles still in his mind.

"He was supposed to be over nine hundred years old, my son."

"Gee! What a dandy birthday cake he must have had!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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The men are always brave and true
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Silk and Cotton Embroidered Batistes,
new colorings and designs.

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SUMMER AND WINTER.
Each time its share of toil will bring,
No idling need we know.
When there's no snow for shoveling
There will be lawns to mow.
—Washington Star.

A GENTLE HINT.

TRAMP.—I'd like to borrow a medical almanac, Mum.

HOUSEKEEPER.—What for?

TRAMP.—I wants ter see wot th' doctors recommend fer an empty feelin' in th' stummick.—New York Weekly.

Headaches Often Come From Poor Blood.
Try a little Angostura Bitters in sugar and water before meals. Get Dr. Siegert's, the genuine, imported.

"Flowers are blossoming again."

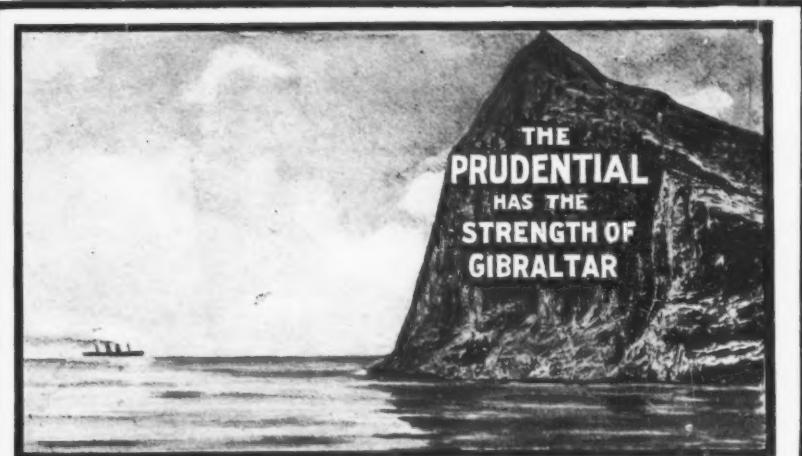
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FORGOT THE LOCATION.

"The trouble with the average servant-girl is that she can not remember her place."

"I guess you're right. At any rate, our new servant-girl went out last Thursday and forgot the way back to the house again." — Catholic Standard and Times.

CRITICISING A STATESMAN.

"He is a very enthusiastic young man," said Senator Sorghum, "but rather indiscreet."

"He is fearless and outspoken."

"Yes. He imagines that his opinions of the trusts are important, when the consideration that most nearly affects his interests is what some trust may happen to think of him." — Washington Star.

CIVILIZATION is making such rapid strides that some day we will hear of a missionary getting cooked in a chafing dish.—Atchison Globe.

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Good when started it has constantly improved—to-day it is the best in the world.

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HER IDEA OF IT.

"Mamie," said Maud, "what is an ultimatum?"

"I don't know exactly," was the reply. "But judging from the way it is used in diplomatic correspondence I should say it was modern Latin for 'to be continued in our next.'" — Wash. Star.

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TWIN CERTAINTIES.

THE ACTOR.— But you're sure that the hotel has some good rooms left?

THE DRIVER.— Sure! Ain't no more danger of 'em bein' all gone than there is of bein' standin' room only at the Opry House!